

The Explanation of the Embleme.

This litle *Embleme* here, doth represent,
The blest condition, of a man Content,
The Place he lyes on, is a mighty *Rocke* :
To shew, that He Contemnes, and makes a mocke
Of Force, or *Vnderminers*. We expresse,
What others thinke him, by his *Nakednesse*.
His *Mantle*, with *Hearts-ease* y wrought doth shew,
What He, doth of his owne well-being, know.
The *Piller*, on whose *Base*, his head doth rest;
Hath *Fortitude* and *Constancie* exprest.
The *Cornu Copia* that so neere him lyes;
Declares, that He enough hath to suffice :
And that He can be pleas'd, with what the Fields,
Or what the fruitfull Tree, by Nature yealds.
That pleasant *Prospectiue*, in which you see,
Groves, *Riuers*, *Laundes*, and *Pallaces* there be;
Lies farre belowe Him. and is that, in which,
The truest happy *Man*, is seldome rich.
The words, *NEC HABEO*, he doth there bestow;
And what he meanes, doth with his finger show.
Aboue him houer *Angels*, and his *Eyes*,
He fixing, on the glorious *Heauens* on high;
(From whence a *Ray* into his brest descends)
His other word, *NEC CAREO*, thither sends:
To intimate, that He can nothing need,
Whom *Angels* guard, and *God* himselfe doth feed.
By force, or slye *Temptations*, to preuaile
Both *Temporall*, and *Ghostly Foes* assaile,
His naked person : but, without a wound,
Their *Darts* are broake; or, backe on them rebound.
So, with *NEC CVRO*, Those he entertaines :
And to expresse, how highly He disdaines,
The best Contents, the World affoord him may;
A *Globe Terrestriall*, He doth spurne away.

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WITHERS'S MOTTO.

Nec habeo . nec Curo . nec Curio .

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To any body.

TO recreate my selfe, after some more serious Studies, I tooke occasion to exercise my Invention in the illustration of my *Motto*; which being thus finished, my friends made me beleue it was worth the preserving; and grew so importunate for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, lest by often transcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* insufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemplifie the same, by the *Presse*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, deliuered it ouer to some *Stationers*, to haue onely so many *Copies*, as I intended to bestow.

Yet considering that other men (to whom I meane them not) might peraduenture, come

to the view of those Lines. I thought it not
amisse, by way of Preuention, to remoue
such Cauills as may be made against mee; by
those vnto whom I am vnknowne. Not, that
I care to giue euery idle *Reader*, an account of
my Intentions: But, to shew the *Ingenious*,
that the *Carelesnes* expressed in this *Motto*, pro-
ceeds from an vndistempered *Care*, to make all
my Actions (as neere as I can) such, as may be
decent, warrantable, and becomming an ho-
nest Man: And that those, who shall foolish-
ly seeke (from thence) to picke aduantages a-
gainst me: may know, I am too well aduised,
to write any thing, which they shall be iustly a-
ble to interpret, either to my hinderance, or
disparagement.

Let me want esteeme among all good men,
if I purposed (or haue any secret desire in me)
that any part of this, should be applied to any
particular man; but so as euery one ought to
apply things vnto his own Conscience; and he
that beleeues me not, I feare is guilty. My in-
tent was, to draw the true Picture of mine own
heart; that my friends, who knew me out-
wardly, might haue some representation of my
inside also. And that, if they liked the forme

of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution; and to preuent such alterations, as Time and infirmities, may worke vpon mee. And if there be no more reason inserted against mee, to remoue my opinion, then I am yet apprehensiuē of: I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me, to deny any thing which I haue affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather bee degraded from the greatest *Title* of *Honour* that could be giuen me; then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud / Arrogance (I know) and enough too, will be layd to my charge. But those who both know me, and the necessitie of this Resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things I care, not for.

The Language is but indifferent; for, I affected *Matter* more then *words*. The *Method* is none at all: for, I was loath to make a businesse, of a recreation. And we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so

strictly to keepe *High-ways*, as hee that takes a Journey.

If the intermixing of sleight and weighty things together, be offensive to any. Let them vnderstand, that if they well obserue it, they shall finde a seriousness, euen in that which they imagine least momentary. And if they had aswell obserued the conditions of men, as I haue done: they would perceiue that the greatest number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with points and Apples) must be drawne on with some friuolous expressions, or else will neuer listen to the graue precepts of Virtue; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many Dishes of meate which we affect not may be so Cookt, that we shall haue a good appetit vnto them: So, many men who take no pleasure to seeke *Virtue* in graue Treatises of Morallitie, many (perhaps) finding her vnlookt for, masked vnder the habit of a light *Poem*, grow enamord on her beauty.

The foolish *Canterbury Tale* in my *scourge of vanity*, (which I am now almost ashamed to read ouer) euen that hath bin by some prayesd
for

for a witty passage: And I haue heard diuers seriously protest, that they haue much more feelingly bin informed, & moued to detest the Vanity of the humor there scoffed at, by that rude *Tale*, then they were by the most graue precepts of Phylosophy. And that makes me oftentimes affect somethings, in regard of their vſefulneſſe: which being conſidered according to the Method of Art, and rules of Schollerſhip, would ſeeme ridiculous.

But I vſe more words for my Apology then neede: If this will not giue you ſatiſfaction, I am ſorry I haue ſaid ſo much; and, if you know which way, ſatiſfie your ſelues. For, how I am reſolued (if you thinke it worth the taking notice of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

Geo: WITHER.

for a witty passage: And I have heard diners
 seriously protest, that they have much more
 feeling, than informed, or moved to detect the
 Vanity of the humor there scoffed at, by that
 inde Vn, when they were by the most genuine
 precursors of Philosophy: And that makes me
 often more affect to nothing, in regard of their
 self-interest, which being considered according
 to the Method of Art, and rules of Scholastic
 this would become ridiculous.

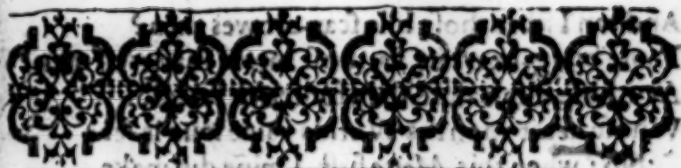
But I shew more words for my Alogy than
 needs: I shew will not give you satisfaction,
 I am sorry I have said so much; and, if you
 know which way I write your letters. For how
 I am obliged, if you think it worth the taking
 notice of, the book will tell you. Farewell.

Geo: W.

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WITHERS MOTTO.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Nor Have I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HAh! will they storme? why let the, who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muses* dare,
Who when they list, can for a tempest call,
Which thunder louder then their fury shall?
And if men causelesly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance sling on them?

With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view
These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may enlue:
For if thou feltst the temper of my soule,
And knewst my heart, thou wouldst not feare controul.

Doe not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare
From any priuate spleene, or malice here?
Doe not I know that none will frowne at this,
But such as haue apparant guiltinesse:
Or such as must to shame and ruine runne,
As some, once syming at my fall haue done?

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And can I feare those Idle scar-crowes then?
Those bugg-beare perils, those meere shades of men?
At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,
Whose heart vpon the Worlds vaine loue is set?

No; when this *Motto* first, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for fashions sake:
But that it might expresse me as I am;
And keepe me mindefull to be still the same.
Which I resolute to be: For, could the eye
Of other men, within my breast espie
My Resolution, and the Cause thereof;
They durst not at this boldnesse make a skoffe.

Shall I be fearefull of my selfe to speake;
For doubt some other may exceptions take?
If this age hold; ere long we shall goe neere
Of eu'ry word of our, to stand in feare.
And (true to one) if any should confesse
Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse:
Some guilty fellow (moou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himselfe; and so, a libell make it.
Nay; We shall hardly be allowd to pray
Against a crying sinne; lest great men may
Suspect, that by a figure we intend
To point out Them: and how they doe offend.
As I haue hope to prosper; ere I'll fall
To such a bondage, I'll aduenture all:
And make the whole world mad, to heare how I
Will fearelesse write and raise at Villanny.
But oh! beware (gray-hayrd discretion sayes)
The Dogg fights well that out of danger playes.

For

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For now, these guilty Times so captious be
That such, as loue in speaking to be free;
May for their freedome, to their cost be shent,
How harmelesse e're they be, in their intent:
And such as of their future peace haue care,
Vnto the *Times* a little seruile are.

Pish; tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus:
To doe a villany is dangerous;
But in an honest action, my heart knowes
No more of feare, then dead-men doe of blowes.
And to be slaue to *Times*, is worse to me
Then to be that, which most men feare to be.

I tell thee *Critike*; whatloeuers Thou,
Or any man, of me shall censure now:
They, who for ought here written doe accuse,
Or with a minde inalicious, taxe my *Muse*;
Shall not by day awake, nor sleepe by night,
With more contentment, in their glories height;
Then I will doe, though they should lay me where
I must in darkenes, bolts of Iron weare,
For, I am not so ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate;
And what an honest man should still conceale.
I know as well, as what he may reueale.

If they be poore and base, that feare my straine;
These poore base fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I scorne to spurne a dogge, or strike a flye,
Or with such Groomes to soile my Poetic,
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.

IF

WITHERS' MOTTO.

If on the top of honour, yet they be :
Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me
May blot, or shake the same : yea, whatsoere
Their Titles cost, or they would faine appeare,
They are ignoble, and beneath me farre;
If with these *Measures* they distemper'd are.
For, if they had true Greatness, they would know,
The spight of all the World, were farre below
The seate of Noblest Honor; and that He,
In whom true worth, and reall Vertues be,
So well is arm'd : as that he feares no wrong
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
Much lesse be startled at those *Numbers* would;
Where *Vertue's* praised, and proud *Vice* contrould,

Is any man the worse if I expresse
My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Carelesnesse*?
Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,
Be turn'd to any mans disparagement,
If he be honest? Nay, those men will finde,
A pleasure in this Picture of my Minde,
Who honour Vertue, and instead of blame,
Will (as they haue done) loue me for the same.

You are deceiued, if the *Bohemian* State
You thinke I touch; or the *Palaninate* :
Or that, this ought of *Eighty-eight* contains;
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines* :
That their *Ambassador* neede question me,
Or bring me iustly for it on my knee.
The state of those Occurrences I know
Too well; my Raptures that way go bestow.

Nor

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nor neede you doubt, but any friend you haue,
May play the fowle, and if he list the knaue,
For ought here written : For it is not such
As you suppose ; nor what you feare so much ;

If I had beene dispos'd to Satyrize,
Would I haue tam'd my *Numbers* in this wife?
No : I haue *Furies* that lyet y'de in chaines,
Bold (English-mastive-like) aduentrous Strainers
Who fearelesse dare, on any *Monster* flye,
That weares a body of Mortality.
And I had let them loose, if I had list,
To play againe, the sharpe-fangd *Satyrists*.

That therefore, you no more mis-cite *This*,
I say, it is my *Motto* ; and it is.

I'll haue it so : For, if it please not me ;
It shall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This little *Poem* terme as foolishly,
As some men do their children ? Is it not,
Mine owne *Minerva*, of my braines begot ?
For ought I know, I neuer did intrude,
To name your *Whelps* : and if you be so rude,
To meddle with my *Killing* (though in sport)
'Tis odds, but shew I goe neere to scratch you for't

Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye :
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And reade it ouer. ———

————— So ; the *Critick's* gone,
Who at these *Numbers* carpt ; and We alone :
Proccede we to the matter. ———

Nec

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nec Habeo, nec Curo, nec Curo.

Some hauing seene, where I this Motto writ
Beneath my Picture; aske what meant it.
And many in my absence, doe assay,
What by these words, they best coniecture may.
Some haue supposed, that it doth expresse,
An vnadvised, desperate Carelesnesse.
Some others doe imagine, that I meane,
In little, to set forth a great Content.
Some, on each member of the Sentence dwell,
And (first) will, what I haue not, seeme to tell;
What things I want not, they will next declare;
And then they gesse: for what I doe not care;
But that they might not from my meaning err,
I'le now become my owne Interpreter.

Some things I haue, which here I will not shew;
Some things I want, which you shall neuer know;
And sometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow;
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.
If good occasion be thereof to speake;
Another time, we may the pleasure take,
That which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor),
Is what I neither haue, nor want, nor care for.

Nec

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nec Habeo.

ANd first; that no man else may censure me,
For Vaunting what belongeth not to me:
Heare what *I haue not*; for, I'lle not deny
To make confession of my pouerty.

I haue not of my selfe, the powre, or grace,
To be, or not to be; one minute-space.

I haue not strength another word to write;
Or tell you what I purpose to indite;
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leaue of him that gaue me breath.

I haue no native goodnes in my soul;
But I was ouer all, corrupt and foul:
And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*
• That was not stain'd within me: not a thought.

I haue no proper meritt; neither will,
Or to resolve, or act, but what is ill.

I haue no meanes of safety, or content,
In ought which mine owne wisedome can inuent.

Nor haue I reason to be desperate tho:
Because for this, a remedy I know.

I haue no portion in the world like this,
That I may breath that ayre, which common is:

Nor haue I scene within this spacious Round;
What I haue worth my *Ioy* or *sorrow* found.

Except it hath for these that follow binne;
The Loue of my *Redeemer*, and my sinne.

I none

WITHERY MOTTO.

I have of those great Priuiledges *haue*,
Which make the *Minions* of the Time, so braue.
I haue no sumptuous Pallaces, or Bowers
That ouertop my neighbours, with their Towers.
I haue no large Demeans or Princely Rents,
Like those *Hericks*, nor their discontents.
I haue no glories from myne Ancesters;
For want of reall worth to bring of theirs.
Nor haue I bagenes in my pedigree;
For it is noble, though obscure it be.

I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,
Which men might haue afore, by *Virtue* gaine.
Nor haue I wit, if wealth were giuen me,
To thinke, bought Place or Title; honest I meane.
I (yet) *haue* no belife that they are wise,
Who for base ends, can basely temporise.
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I *haue* poore, to keepe my Spirit free.

I haue no Causes in our Pleading Courts,
Nor start I at our Chancery Reports.
No fearefull Bill hath yet affrighted me,
No Motion, Order, Iudgements, or Decree.
Nor haue I forced been tedious Iournays,
Betwixt my Counsellors and thy Attorneys.
I haue no neede of those long-gowned warriors,
Who play at *Westminster* vnderd at Barriers:
Nor gambster for those Common-pleas are I,
Whose sport is marred, by the Chancery.

I haue no juggling hand no double tongue;
Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.

I haue

WITHERS MOTTON

*I have no trifles or cunning sleights; on which
I feed my selfe; with hope of being rich;
Nor have I one of these, to make me poore;*

Hounds, humors, raring Horses, Haukes, or Whores;

I have no pleasure in acquaintance, where

The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are

Observ'd so seriously; that I must dance,

And act o're all the Complements of France;

And Spaine, and Italy; before I can

Be taken for a well bred Englishman;

And every time we meete, be forc't agen,

To put in action that most idle Scene.

Mong these, much precious time (unto my cost)

And much true hearty meaning haue I lost;

Which hauing found, I doe resolve therefore,

To lose my Time, and Friendship, so no more.

I haue no Complements; but what may show,

That I doe manness, and good breeding know;

For much I hate the forced, Apistricks;

Of those our Home, disdaining Politicks;

Who to the Foreign guile are so affected,

That English Honesty is quite relected;

And in the stead thereof, they furnish home

With shaddowes of Humanity doe come.

Oh! how iudicious in their owne esteeme,

And how compleatly, Travelled they seeme;

If in the place of real kindnesse,

(Which Nature could haue taught them to expresse)

They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,

Fawne like a Court-man, on all they meet:

MY THEE'S MOTTO.

And vie, in humble and kind speeches; when,
They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane.

On this; too many falsely set their face,
Of Courtship and of wisdoms: but tis base
For, seruile (vnto me) it doth appeare,
When we descend, to sooth and flatter, where
We want affection: yea, I hate it more,
Then to be borde a slaue; or to be poore.
I haue no pleasure, or delight in ought,
That by dissembling, must to passe be brought,
If I dislike, I'le sooner tell them so,
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly show,
For he, who to be iust, hath an intent,
Needs not dissemble, nor a lye inuent,
I rather wish to faile with honesty,
Then to preuaile in pught by treachery.
And with this minde, I'le safer sleepe, then all
Our *Machauillian* Politicians shall.

I haue no Minde to flatter, though I might,
Be made some Lords companion; or a Knight,
Nor shall my Verse for me on begging goe,
Though I might serue, ylesse it did doe so.

I haue no *Muske* that will serue the turne,
At euery Triumph, and to lye on mourne,
Vpon a minures warning for their hire;
If with old *Sherry* they themselves inspire,
I am not of a temper, like to those
That can provide an houres sad talke in *Prose*,
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,
And choke my griefe, with Sugar-plums and Wine.

I can

I can

WITHERS MOTTO

I cannot at the *Claret* sit and laugh,
 And then halfe tipple, write an *Epitaph*,
 Or howle an *Epitaph* for each *Groome*,
 That is, by Fraud, or Nigardize, become
 A wealthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,
 That hath acquir'd, the stile of *Worshipfull*,
 I cannot for reward adorne the Hearse,
 Of some old rotten *Miser*, with my *Verses*,
 Nor like the *Pastors* of the Time;
 Goe howle a dolefull *Elgie* in Ryme,
 For every Lord or Ladiship that dies:
 And then perplex their Heires, to Patronize
 That muddy *Poesie*. Oh! how I scorne,
 Those Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
 Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scape
 At strangers windowes; and goe play the Ape,
 In counterfeiting *Passion*, when there's none.
 Or in good earnest, foolishly beromane
 (In hope of cursed bounty) their iust death;
 Who, (living) meritt nor, a minutes *Breath*,
 To keepe their *Fame* aliue, vnles to blow,
 Some Trumpet which their black disgrace may show:
 I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
 Vpon the praise of any man to dwell:
 Vnlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worth;
 To be the same, which I haue blazed forth.
 Had I some honest *Suick*; the gaine of which,
 Would make me noble; eminent, and rich:
 And that to compasse it, no meanes there were
 Vnlesse I basely flatter'd some great *Peere*;

WITHERS MOTTO.

Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get,
If on those termes I would endeavour it.

I have not bin so their condition borne,
Who are inclined to respect, and Reorne;
As men in their estates, doe rise or fall:
Or rich or poore; *Virtue* loue in all.
And where I finde it not, I doe despise
To fawne on them; how high so e're they rise.
For, where proud *Greatnesse* without worth I see;
Old *Mordecai* had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot giue a *Plandie* (I protest)
When as his Lordship thinkes, he breakes a feast;
Vnles it mone me; neither can I grin,
When he a causeles laughter doth begin.
I cannot sweare him, truly honourable;
Because he once receiu'd me to his table:
And talk't, as if the *Muses* glad might be,
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.
His slender worth, I could not blaze on so,
By strange *Hypoboles*, as some would do.
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King *William* first came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Virtue* euer car'd
To giue or take, (for praise) what I haue heard.

For, if we peyze them well, what goodly grace,
Haue outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place;
Or such; that we, the owners should commend,
When no true vertues, doe on these attend?
If beautifull he be, what honour's that?
As faire as he, is many a Beggars brat.

WATTHERS MOTTO.

If we, his noble Titles would extoll;
Those Titles, hee may haue and be a fool.
If Seats of Iustice he hath climbd (we say)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.
If of a large estate his praise we tell;
A thousand Villaines, may be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in;
Why, so hath many a bloody Traytor bin,
And if in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list, vpon his praises dwell.
Some other worth I finde, ere I haue sense
Of any praise-deseruing excellence.

I haue no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart, they sit this day as neare,
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme,
To fall from my opinion or esteeme:)
For precious Time, in idle would be spent;
If I with All, should alwayes complement:
And till, my loue I may to purpose show;
I care not wher they thinke I loue or no.
For sure I am, if any finde me chang'd,
Their greatnes, nor their meannesse me estrang'd.

I haue not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,
Because I saw them, either rich, or poore;
But as their loue, and Vertues did appeare,
I such esteem'd them, who soe'er they were.

I haue no trust, or confidence in friends,
That seeke to know me, meely for their ends;
Nor haue I ever said, I know, yet
Where I expect more then *Love* for it,

WITHERS MOTTO.

And let me faile of that where most I lou'd,
If that with greater ioy I be not mou'd
By twenty-fold, when I my kindnes show,
Then when their fauours they on me bestow.

I haue not that vile minde; not shall my brest
For euer, with such basenes be possesst;
As in my anger (be it ne're so iust)
To vtter ought committed to my trust
In time of friendship: though constrained so,
That want of telling it, should me vndo.
For, whosoe're hath trust repos'd in me;
Shall euer finde me true, though false he be.

I haue no loue to *Country Prince* or Friend;
That can be more, or lesse, or haue an end.
For whatsoeuer state they rais'd me to;
I would not loue them; better then I do.
Nor can I hate them; though on me they should
Heape all the scorne, and iniury they could.

I haue no doting humor, to affect
Where loue I finde rewarded with neglect.
I neuer was with melancholy fit
Oppressed in such stupid manner, yet,
As that vngently to my friends I spake;
Or heed to their contentment, did not take:
Nor haue I felt my Anger so inflam'd
But that with gentle speech it might be tam'd

I haue no private cause of discontent;
Nor grudge against the publike government.
I haue no spight, or enuy in my brest;
Nor doth anothers peace disturbe my rest,

I haue

WITHERS MOTTO

I haue not (yet) that dinghill humour, which
Some Great-men haue; who, so they may be rich;
Thinke all gaine sweet, and nought ashamed are,
In vile, and rascall Sutes to haue a share.
For I their basenes scorne: and ever loth'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd.
Much more, to haue my pride, or lust maintain'd,
With what, by foule oppression hath bene gain'd.

I haue not bene enamor'd on the Face
Of men, to great aduancements fortunate.
I neuer yet a Fauorite did see
So happy, that I wished to be hee:
Nor would I, whatsoe're of me be became;
Be any other man; but who I am.
For, though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity:
Yet, those deare secret comforts, which I finde,
Vnseene, within the closet of my minde,
Giue more assurance of true happines,
Then any outward glories can expresse.
And 'tis so hard, (what shewes soe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to see:
That my estate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more dispited were.

I haue not hitherto diuulged ought,
Wherein my words dissent from my thought,
Nor woule I faile; if I might able be,
To make my manners, and my words agree.
I haue not bene ashamed to confesse
My lowest Fortunes, or the kindnesse,

WITHERS MOTTO.

Of poorest men, Nor haue I proud-beene made,
By any fauor from a great Man, had

I haue not plac't so much of my Content,
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament,
The losse of them; more then may seemely be,
To grieue for things, which are no part of me.
For, I haue knowne the worst of being poore;
Yea lost, when I to lose haue had no more,
And though, the *Coward World* more quakes for feare
Of Pouerty, then any plagues that are;
Yet, He that mindes his End, obserues his Ward,
The Meanes persues, and keeps a heart prepar'd:
Dares, Scorne and Pouerty as boldly meet;
As others gladly, Fame, and Riches greet.
For those, who on the stage of this proud World,
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld
Are in the *Master-prize*, that triest men;
And *Virtue* fighteth her brau't Combat, then.

I no Antipathy (as yet) haue had,
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made;
For if they doe not scratch, nor bite, nor sting,
Snakes, Serpents, Toes, or Cats, or any thing
I can endure to touch, or looke vpon,
(So cannot every one whom I haue knowne.)

I haue no Nation on the earth abhord,
But with a *Levy*, on *Spaniards* can accord,
As well, as with my Brethren; if I finde
He beare a *Vicious*, and *Fiercish* minde.

Yet (I confesse) of all men, I most hate
Such, as their manners doe adulterate.

Those

WITHERS MOTTO.

Those Linſy-woolſie people, who are neither
French, Engliſh, Spaniſh, nor Dutch: but altogether
 Thoſe, I affect not; rather wiſh I could,
 That they were fiſh, or fleſh, or hore, or cold;
 But none among all them, worſe brooke I, then
 Our meeke *Hiſpaniolized Engliſh men*.
 And if we ſcape the Trecherie at home,
 We feare no miſchiefs, where ſo e're I come.
 I have not fear'd who my Religion knowes
 Nor euer for preferment, made I ſhowes
 Of what I was not. For, although I may
 Through want, be ſore't, to put on worſe array,
 Vpon my Body; I will euer finde,
 Meanes to maintaine, a habit for my Minde,
 Of Truth in graine and weare it, in the ſight
 Of all the world: in all the worlds deſpight,
 I, their preſumption, haue not, who dare blame,
 A fault in other; and correct the ſame
 With grieuous puniſhments; yet guilty be
 Of thoſe offences in more high degree.
 For, oh! how bold, and impudent a face,
 And what yamoued hearts of Flint and Braſſe)
 Haue thoſe corrupted *Magiſtrates*, who dare
 Vpon the ſeat of Iudgement ſit; and there
 Without an inward horror preach abroad
 The guilt of Sinne, and heauy wrath of God;
 Againſt offenders pleading at their Bar)
 Yet know, what plots, within their boſomes are
 Who; when (enthron'd for Iuſtice) they behold,
 Reuerend *Magiſtrate*, both grave, and old

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And heare how sternly, he doth aggravate
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate:
How much the fact he seemeth to abhor;
How he, a iust correction labours for;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath florish long,
Such wickednes should raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, haue bin affeard.

Who, that obserues all this; would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receiue a fee;
Some Innocent (by law) to murder there?
Or else, from Children fatherles to reare
Their iust Inheritance? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene misse)
He could goe sleepe vpon a deed so foule;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule?
I haue not a stupidity so made,
And this presumption, I would no man hadd.

I haue no question made, but some there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they shall heare;
Will haue a better stomach, to procure
That I may check, or punishment endure,
Then their owne euill manners to amend:
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.
And though, they many view (before their face)
False, and each minute falling to disgrace;
(For lesse offences far then they commit)
Without remorse, and penitence they sit.
As if that They, (and they alone) had blame,
Without the compasse of reproofe of sinne.

ON THE 13 MATTO.

I have no great opinion of their wit,
Nor euer seen their actions prosper, yet
Who wedded to their owne deuises be;
And will not counsell heare, nor danger see,
That is foretold them by their truett friends;
But rather, list to them, who for their ends
Doe sooth their fancies, And the best excuse,
That such men can, to hide their lolly use;
(When all their idle projects come to nought)
Are these words of the fool. *I had not thought.*

I have not their delight, who pleasure take
At Natures imperfections skoff to make.
Nor haue I bitternes against that sinne,
Which thorow weaknes hath committed bin,
(For I my selfe, am to offences prone,
And every day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crimes I onely glance
That sinne of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.

I have not so much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in question; neither wit so small,
To wast my spirits, those things to asaine;
Which all the world hath labou'd for in vaine.

I have not so much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies; neither haue I lack
Of that proportion which doth well suffice
To make me gracious, in good peoples eyes.

I have not done, so many a holy deed
As that of *I E S U S C H R I S T*, I haue no need.
And my good *works* I hope are not so few;
But that in me a liuing *Faith* they shew.

I have

WITNESS MOTTO.

I haue not found ability so much,
To carry Millstones; yea, and were it such,
I should not greatly vaunt it: for, in this,
A scurvy pack-horse farre my better is.
I loue his manly strength that can resist
His owne desires: force passage when he list
Through all his strong affections, and subduer
The stout attempts of that rebellious crew.
This, were a brauer strength then *Sampson* got
And this, I couet, but *I haue* it not.

I haue not so much heedlesnes of thinges,
Which appertaine vnto the Courts of Kings;
But that from my low station, I can see
A Princes loue may oft abused be.
For many men their Country inure dare
At home; where, all our eyes vpon them are.
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The trust abroad, be not abused more.

I haue no Brother, but of younger age.
Nor haue I Birth-right without heritage
And with that land, let me inherit shame:
Vnlesse I grieue when I possesse the same.

The value of a penny *haue I not*,
That was by bribery, or extortion got.
I haue no Lands that from the Church were gild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my Child.
And hitherto, I thinke, I haue beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphants cursing me.

The *Spleene*, the *Collicke*, or the *Lithargy*,
Gouts, *Palsies*, *Droppies*, or a *Lunacy*.

WITH ERS MOTTO.

(by inheritance) ~~have none~~ of these
Nor rainging sinne; nor any soule disease.

I have no debts, but such as (when I can)
I meane to pay; nor is there any man
(To whom I haue ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Shall losse sustaine, though I should dye to morrow.
And if they should (so much my friends they be)
Their greatest losse the^e think the losse of me.
And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loues, or to be de idly spent.

Except the *Devill*, and that cursed brood,
Which haue dependance on his Deuil-hood,
I know no foes *I have*; for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me:
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
Who would not, if some lust occasions were;
(Eu'n in his height of spleene) my life to saue,
Adventure with one foot, into his graue.

To make me carefull; Children ~~I have none~~;
Nor have I, any Wife to get them on;
Nor have I, (yet to keepe her) had I one;
Nor can this spoyle my Marriage being knowne:
Since I am sure, I was not borne for her,
That shall before my worth, her wealth prefer:
For, I doe set my Vertues, at a rate,
As high as any prize their Riches at,
And if All count, the venture too much cost,
In keeping it my selfe there's nothing lost.
For, she I wed, shall somewhat thinke in me
More worthy Loue, then great reuenues be.

And

MYTHAS & MOTTOES

And if I finde not one, of such a quality,
 (As such indeed, are Jewels rare to finde)
 Ile clasped in mine owne embraces lye;
 And neuer touch a woman till I dye.
 For, shall a Fellow, whom (the Usurer)
 His father, by extortion did prefer
 Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
 About foure times a thousand pounds a yeare,
 So worthy, or so confident become?
 (By meanes of that his goodly annuall somme,
 Which may be lost to morrow) as to dare
 Attempt a *Nymph* of Honour for his pheare?
 Shall he, that hath with those foure thousand pounds
 A gaming vaine; a deepe, mowth'd cry of Hounds,
 Three cast of Hawkes, of Whores as many brats,
 Sixe hunting Nags, and five more for the rats;
 (Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting Cocks)
 Physitians, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;
 And twenty other humors to maintaine;
 (Beside the yearely charges of his traine)
 With this reuenuē? Most of which, or all
 To mortgage must be set? perhaps to sale
 To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
 To keepe his crasse body from the Iayle?
 Shall this dull Foole, with his vncertaine store
 (And in all honesty and Vertues poore)
 Hope for a *Mistresse*, noble, rich, and faire?
 And is it likely, that I can dispaire
 To be as happy, If I seeke it would?
 Who such a matchlesse fortune haue in hold;

That

WITHEES MOTTO.

That though the world my ruine plot and threat,
I can in spite of it be rich, and great?

A silly Girle, no sooner vnderstands,
That shee is left in Portion, or in Lands;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greatest part, who neare about her dwell;
But straight begins to rate, and prize her selfe
According to the value of her pelfe.

And thought to Gentry, nor good breeding born;
Can all, that haue estates beneath her, scorn.

This wit a woman hath; and shall not I,
Who know I haue a ~~wit~~ which none can buy
For all the world; expect a nobler phere
Then suites vnto a hundred pounds a yeere?

Shall loue of Truth, and Vertue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth possesse
In outward fortunes neither more nor lesse?

Haue I oft heard so many faire ones plaine
How fruitles Ficks are? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Loue, and the endowments of the mind?

Haue fairest Ladies often sworne to me
That if they might but onely *Mistresse* be
Of true affection; they would prize it more
Then all those glories, which the most adore?

Haue I obseru'd how hard it is to find
A constant heart? a iust and honest mind?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How scanty true affection is? how rare?

And

WITH HER MERRY.

And shall I passe as true a Hater away,
As hath concei'd an honest thought to day:
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would I doe as me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes; or else yndoe me with
Some old rich Croake, that hath out-liu'd her teeth;
I'le rather breake it with proud scorne; that dead,
The wormes may rife for my *Adams head*.

I haue no love to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Rose in Iune, as soon as blowne,
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within,
Haue little power my respect to win;
Nor haue I, yet, that stupid love to selfe,
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe
With any female; betwix whom, and me,
There could not in the foule, a marriage be;
For whose bett' ioyne without that care;
Foolles, and apear'd in their matches are;
And so are you, that either heare or view
What I saie; vnlesse you thinke it true.

I haue no meaning, when I saie I would
That my companion shall become my hood;
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as say so, though that win her might;
Not though a Dutchesse; for, the meane I haue
To keepe my worth, though my reward I haue
Yea, from a prison had she rais'd me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be;
I that respect, would still expect to haue,
Which might become her Husband; not her slave;

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And should I spoule a Begger; I would shew,
What loue, and honor, to a wife were due.

I haue not, yet of any skorned bin; •
Whose good opinion, I haue sought to winn.

Nor haue I (when I meane to woe,) a feare,
That any man, shall make me, willow weare.

I haue not, eyes so excellent, to see
Things (as some men can do) before they be.

Nor purblind sight; which crimes farre off can mark:
Yet see me, no faults, which are more neare me, dark.

I haue not cares for euery tale that's told:
Nor memory, things frimelous to hold.

I haue not their credulity that dare,
Giue credit vnto all reports they heare.

Nor haue I subiect to their dulnes beene;
Who can beleue no more then they haue seene.

I haue no feeling of those wrongs that be
By base vnworthy fellows, offerd me:

For, my contentment; and my glory, lyes
Aboue the pitch, their spight, or malice flies.

I haue not need enough, as yet, to serue;
Nor impudence to crave, till I deserue.

I haue no hope, the worlds esteeme to get:
Nor could a foole, or knaue, e're brooke me yet.

I haue not villany enough, to prey
Vpon the weake: or friendship to betray.

Nor haue I so much loue to life, that I
Would seeke to saue it by dishonesty:

I haue not Cowardise enough to feare,
In honest actions; though my death be there:

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull sinne;
Though I with safety, large renowne might winne;
And for omitting it, were sure to dye,
Ne'r to be thought on, but with infamy.

I haue not their base cruelty, who can
Insult, vpon an ouer-griued man;
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow.
For, I protest, no villany I know
That could be done me; but if I perceiue'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning griue'd;
I truly could forgive him; as if hee
Had neuer in a thought abused mee;
And if my loue to mercy, I belye
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.

I haue not that vnhappinesse, to be
A Rich mans Sonne; For he had trained me,
In some vaine path; and I had neuer sought,
That knowledge which my pouertry hath taught.

I haue no inclination to respect
Each vulgar complement, nor neglect
An honest shew of friendship: For, I sweare,
I rather wish, that I deceiued were;
Then of so base a disposition be,
As to distrust, till cause were giuen me.

I haue no Constitution, to accord
To ought dishonest, sooner for a Lord,
Then for his meanest Groome; and hopes there be
It neuer will be otherwise with me.

I haue no pollicies, to make me seeme
A man well worthy of the worlds esteeme.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*Nor haue I hope, I shall hereafter grow,
To any more regard; for saying so;*

*I haue no doubt, though here a slighted thing;
But I am fauorite, to Hean'ns great King.
Nor haue I feare but all thats good in me;
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.*

*But yet, I haue not that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, thinke me rich;
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth esteeme;
To whom the riches of the minde, doe seeme
A scornfull potuerty. But let that goe,
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.*

*Nor haue I power to teach them: for if I,
Should here consume my gift of Poesie:*

*(And wholly wast my spirits, to expresse
VVhat rich contents, a poore estate may blisse)*

*It were impossible, to moue the sense
Of those braue things, in their intelligence,*

*I haue not found, on what I may relie;
Vnkisse it carry some Diuinitie*

*To make me confident: for, all the glory,
And all hopes faile; in things mere transitory.*

*VVhat man is there among vs, doth not knowe,
A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,*

*Of many a hundred goodly things possesse;
That shall haue nought to morrow but a Chest,*

*And one poore Sheet to lie in? VVhat I may,
Next morning haue, I know not; But to day,*

*A Friend, Adear, Drinke, and fitting Clothes to weare;
Some Bookes and Papers, which my Iewels are;*

WITHER'S MOTTO.

A *Servant* and a *Horse* : all this I haue,
 And when I dye, one promist me a *Grave*.
 A *Grave* ; that quiet closet of Content :
 And I haue built my selfe a *Monument*.
 But (as I liue) excepting onely this ;
 (Which of my wealth the *Inventory* is)
 I haue so little ; I my oath might saue :
 If I should take it, that I, *nothing haue*.

Nec Careo.

ANd yet, what *want I*? or who knoweth how,
 I may be richer made then I am now?
 Or what great *Peere*, or wealthy *Alderman*,
 Bequeath, his sonne, so great a Fortune can :
Nothing want that needfull is to haue ;
 Sought I no more, then Nature bids me craue.
 For ; as we see, the smallest *Vials*, may
 As full as greatest *Glasses* be ; though they
 Much lesse containes : So, my small portion giues
 That full content to me ; in which he liues,
 Who most possesseth : and with larger store,
 I might fill others, but my selfe, no more.

I want not Temperance to rest content
 With what the prouidence of God, hath lent ;
Nor want I a sufficient, to know ;
 Which way to vse it, if he more bestow.
 For, as when me, one horse would easier beare,
 To ride on two at once, it madnes were :

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And, as when one small bowle might quench my thirst
To lift a Vessell, that my backe might burst
Were wondrous folly & so absurd a thing,
It were in me; should I neglect a Spring,
(Whose plenty may a Countries want supply)
To dwell by some small *Pools* that would be dry.
If therefore ought doe happen in the way;
Which on a iust occasion seeke I may:
I want not resolution, to make tryall;
Nor want I patience, if I haue deniall.

Men aske me what preferment I haue gaine;
What riches, by my Studies are attain'd:
And those that fed and fatted are with drasse
For their destruction; please themselves to laugh
At my low Fate; As if I nought had got
(For my enriching) cause they saw it not,
Alas! that Mole-ey'd flue, cannot see,
What Patrimonies are bestow'd on mee.
There is a brauer wealthines, then what;
They, (by abundance) haue arrived at.
Had I their wealth I should not sleepe the more
Securely for it; and, were I as poore
In outward fortunes, as men Shipwrackt are;
I should, (of pouerty) haue no more feare,
Then if I had the riches and the powers;
Of all the Easterne Kings and Emperours.
For, grasse though trod into the earth may grow;
And highest Cedars, haue an ouerthrow.
Yea, I haue seene, as many begger'd by
Their fathers wealth; and much prosperity;

WITHERS MOTTO;

As haue by want mis-done. And for each one,
Whom by his riches I aduanc't haue knowne,
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Haue raisd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.

To what contents, doe men most wealthy mount,
Which I inioy not, if their Cares we count :

My clothing keeps me full as warme as their,
My meates vnto my taste, as pleasing are.

I feed enough my hunger to suffice :

I sleep, till I my selfe am pleasd to rise.

My Dreames as sweet, and full of quiet be :

My waking cares, as seldome trouble me.

I haue as oftentimes, a Sunny day:

And sport, and laugh, and sing as well as they.

I breath as wholesome, and as sweete an ayre :

As louing as my *Mistresse*, and as faire,

My body is as healthy; and I finde,

As little cause of sicknesse, in my minde.

I am as wise, I thinke, as some of those ;

And oft my selfe as foolishly dispose :

For, of the wisest, I am none (as yet)

And I haue nigh as little haire, as wit :

Of neither, haue I ought to let to farme,

Nor so much *want* I, as may keepe me warme.

I finde my Liue r sound, my ioynts well knit :

Youth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctors yet,

Nor on *Potatoes* or *Eringoes* feed I :

No Meates restorative, to raise me need I :

Nor *Amber-greece*, with other things-confected,

To take away the stinke, of Lungs infected,

I neuer

WITHERS MOTTO.

Ineu'r in need of *Pothicary* flood,
Or any Surgeons hand to let me blood :
For since the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I haue not medled with *Phlebotomy*,

As good as other mens my senses be ;
Each limbe I haue, as able is in me.

And whether I, as louely be, or no :

Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.

The wealthiest men no benefits possesse,
But I haue such; as better, in their place.

As they my low condition can contemne ;

So, I know how to fling a scorne at them.

My fame, is yet as faire, and flies as farre,

A some mens, that with Titles laden are.

Yea, by my selfe much more I haue attain'd,

Then many, haue with helpe of others gaind.

And my esteeme I will not change for their,

Whose fortunes are ten thousand more a yeare.

Nor want I, so much grace, as to confesse;

That God is Author of this happinesse,

I want not not so much iudgement, as to see

There must twixt men and men, a difference be,

And I, of those in place, account doe make,

(Though they be wicked) for good orders sake.

But I could stoope to serue them at their secte,

VVhere old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.

To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* sense :

Nor want I will to grieue, for my offence.

To see my friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes;

Nor Loue, to couer his infirmities.

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I want not Spirit, If I once but know
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are ;
Yet I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I ascend, or lower fall :
I want not hope, but I preserue it shall.*

*I want no slanders; neither want I braine,
To scorne the Rascall rumors of the yaine
And giddy multitude, And (trust me) they
So farre vnable are to take away
My resolution; that no more it feares,
The worst their ignorance, or malice dares :
Then doth the *Moone*, when doggs and birds of night
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light.
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would :
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my name ;
Then be beholding to them for my fame.*

*I want nor witt, nor honesty enough,
To keepe my hand, from such base Rascall stufte,
As if a *Libell*: For, although I shall
Sometime let fly at *Vice* in generall ;
I spare particulars; Nor shall a Knaue
In my *Lines* liue, so much as shame to haue.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rott ;
That all his memory may be forgott.*

*I want not so much Knowledge, as to know,
True *Wisedome*, lies not in a glorious show
Of humane Learning; or in being able
To cite Authorities innumerable.*

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor in a new inuention. But that man,
Who make good vse of eu'ry creature can:
And from all things, that happen well, or ill,
Contentment drawes; (and keeps a Conscience still,
To witnesse his endeavors to be good,)
That man is wisest; though he vnderstood
The language of no countrey but his owne,
Nor euer had the vse of Letters knowne.

To make faire shewes of *Honesty* and *Arts*;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion*: are the parts
This Age doth striue to play: but few there are,
Who truly are the same they doe appeare,
And this is that which daily makes vs see
So many, whom we honest thought to be,
And Wise, and learned, (while some *Scenes* doe last)
Proue Fooles, and Knaues, before their *Act* be past.

I want not sense of those Mens miseries;
Who lul'd sleepe in their prosperities
Must shortly fall; and with a heavy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleasures vanish by:
And how that *Mistresse* they so doted on
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with scorne be gon
I feele me thinks with what a drooping heart,
They, and their ydle hopes, begin to part:
And with what mighty burthens of vnrest
Their poore distempered soules, will be oppress.
How much they will repent I doe foresee;
How much confused and asham'd they'l be,
And as I praise their doome; eu'n so I pray.
Their shame, and sorrow, worke their comfort may.

I want

WITNESS MOTTO.

I want not much experiment to show
That all is good God pleaseth to bestow ;
(VVhat shape soeuer he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes haue bin :
And I haue trust, that all my woes to come,
VVill bring my Soule, eternall comforts home,

I doe not finde within me, other feares ;
Then what to men, of all degrees appears.
I haue a conscience that is cleane within,
For, (though I guilty am of many a sinne)
A kinde redeemer, I haue found, and he
His Righteousnesse imputeth vnto me.

The Greatest, haue no Greatnesse, more then I,
In bearing out a VVant, or Misery.
I can as well, to passion set a bound :
I brooke as well the smarting of a wound.
Aswell endure I to be hunger-bit ;
Aswell can wrastle with an ague-fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their I'me sure ;
And as much cold or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my dearest friends excused be,
From heaping scorne, or iniuries on me ;
(Come all the world) and I my heert can make,
To brooke as much before I shrinke or breake
As theirs, that doe the noble Titles were ;
And slight as much their frown that might 'st are.
For, if in me at any time appeare,
A bashfulnesse (which some mistitle, feare)
It is in doubt, least I through folly may
Some things vnfitting me; or doe, or say :

But

WITHE R'S MOTTO.

Not that I am fearefull to be shent;
For dread of Men, or feare of punishment.

And yet, no faults ~~Exant~~, nor want in me,
Affections which in other men there be;
As much I hate an incivility;
As much am taken with a Courtesie;
As much abhor I brutish Vanities;
As much allow I Christian Liberties;
As soone an iniury, I can perceiue;
And with as free a heart, I can forgieue,
My hand, in anger, I as well can stay;
And I dare strike as stout a man as they;
And when I know, that I amisse haue done;
I am as much asham'd as any one.

If my afflictions, more then others be;
I haue more comforts to keepe heart in me.
I haue a *Faith* will carry me on high:
Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.
I haue a *Hope*, that neither want, nor spight,
Nor grim aduersity, shall stop this flight;
But that vndaunted, I my course shall hold,
Though twenty thousand Devils crosse me should.

Yet (I confesse) in this my Pilgrimage,
I like some infant am, of tender age.
For, as the Childe, who from his father hath
Strai'd in some Groue, through many a crooked path:
Is sometime hopefull, that he findes the way;
And sometime doubtfull, he runs more astray.
Sometime, with faire, and easie paths, doth meet;
Sometime with rougher tracts, that stay his feet.

Here

WITHERS MOTTO.

Here runnes, there goes, and yon amazed stayes;
Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and playes.
Then hearing where his loving Father calls,
Makes haste; but through a zeale il-guided, falls;
Or runnes some other way: Vntill that He,
(Whose loue is more then his endeaours be)
To seeke this *Wanderer* foorth, himselfe doth come,
And take him, in his armes, and beare him home.

So, in this Life, this Groue of ignorance;
As to my homeward, I my selfe aduance;
Sometime aight, and sometime wrong I goe;
Sometime, my pace is speedy, sometime slowe;
Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall:
Sometime I sing, sometime for helpe I call.
One while, my wayes are pleasant vnto me;
Another while, as full of Cares they be:
Now, I haue Courage, and do nothing feare,
Anon my Spirits halfe diclected are.
I doubt, and hope, and doubt, and hope againe;
And many a change of Passions I sustaine,
In this my iourney: So, that now and then,
I lost may seeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my selfe a while, when sinnes impure,
Doe my *Redemers* loue, from me obscure.
But (what soe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who aboue the Clouds doe dwell)
An eye vpon his wandering child doth cast:
And He, will fetch me to my home at last.
For, of Gods loue a Witnesse want not I;
And whom He loues, He loues eternally.

I haue

WITHERS MOTTO.

I haue within my breast, a little Heart,
Which seemes to be composed, of a part,
Of all my Friends : For, (truely) when so'e're
They suffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no sooner a Complant doe make,
But presently, it falls to paine, and ake.

I haue a Loue, that is as strong as Fate,
And such, as cannot be impayr'd by Hate.
And (whatsoeuer the successe may proue)
I want not yet, the comforts of my Loue.

These, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich;
These, while I doe possesse, *I want not* much:
And I so happy am, that still I beare,
These Riches with me; and so safe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no deuice of man,
Or Tyrants powre, deprive me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile;
More Treasure, I should carry from this *He*;
Then should be sold; though for it I might gaine,
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.

For this makes sweet my life; and when I dye,
Will bring the sleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, such as greatest pompe, in life time haue;
Shall finde no warmer lodging, in their Graue.

Besides; *I want not* many things they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.
I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket proofe;
My Innocence, is guardian strong enough.
I want no Title; for, to be the Some,
Of the *Almighty*; is a glorious one:

I want

WITHERS MOTTO.

I want no Followers; for, through Faith I see
 A troupe of Angels, still attending me.
Through want of Friendship, need I not repine;
 For God, and Gentlemen, are still friends of mine;
 And when I journey to the North, the East;
 The pleasant South, or to the fertile West;
I cannot want, for profferd Courtesies,
 As farre as our Great Brittaines Empire lies,
 In euery Shire and Corner of the Land;
 To welcome me, doe Houses open stand;
 Of best esteeme: And Strangers to my face,
 Haue thought me worth the Feasting, & more grace;
 Then I will boast of: lest you may suspect,
 That I those glories (which I see) affect.
 Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
 And sought it, though nor wealth, nor Place I had,
 For their aduantage. And, if some more high
 (Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
 Had but a Fortune equall ynto me,
 Their troupe of Followers would as slender be;
 And those among whom, they now esteeme haue won;
 Would scarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.
I want no Office; for (though none be voyde)
 A Christian findes, he may be still employde.
I want no Pleasures; for I pleasures make;
 What euer God is pleas'd, I vndertake.
 Companions want I not, For know, that I,
 Am one, of that renown'd Societie;
 Which by the Name wee carry, first was knowne,
 At Antioch, so many yeares agoe.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And greatest Kings, themselves haue happy thought
That to this noble *Order*, they were brought.

I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field;
My *Prayers*; are my Sword; my *Faith* my Shield:
By which, (how ere you prize them) I haue got,
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot.

And with these Armes, I Heauen thinke to skale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, and more high the Wal.

A thousand other Priviledges more,
I doe possesse; in which the world is poore.

Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing haue; *I nothing want*.

And did the *King*, but know how rich I were,
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would sweare,
That were he not the *King*; I had beene *Free*,
Whom he (of all men) would haue wisht to be.

Nec Curo.

THen, to vouchsafe me yet more fauour here;

He that supplies my *want*, hath tooke my *Care*.

And when to barre me ought, he sees it fit,

He doth infuse a *Minde* to sleight at it.

Why, if He all things needfull doth bestow,

Should I for what I haue not, carefull grow?

Low place I keepe; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,

Which doth the Worlds affected Greatnesse scorne:

I doe disdain her glories and contemne,

Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

I care

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnlesse he be as good, as great in place.
For no mans spight, or enuy doe I care:
For none haue spight at me, that honest are.
I care not for that baser wealth, in which
Vice may become, aswell as Vertue rich,
I care not for their friendship, who haue spent,
Loues best expressions, in meere Complement:
Nor for those Fauors (though a Queenes they were)
I which I thought another had a share.*

*I care not for their Prayse, who doe not show,
That in their liues, which they in words allow.
A rush I care not who condemneth me;
That sees not what, my Soules intensions bee.
I care not though to all men knowne it were;
Both whom I loue, or hate; For none I feare.
I care not though some Courtiers still preferre,
The Parasite, and smooth-tongu'd Flatterer,
Before my bold truth-speaking Lines, And here,
If these should anger them. I doe not care.*

*I care not for that goodly Precious Stone;
Which Chymists haue so fondly doted on.
Nor would I giue a rotten Chip, that I
Were of the Rosse-Crosse, Fraternity:
For, I the world too well haue vnderstood,
As to be gall'd with such a Brother-hood.*

*I care for no more knowledge, then to know:
What I to God, and to my Neighbour owe.
For outward Beauties I doe nothing care,
So I within, may faire to God appeare:*

WITHERS MOTTO.

No other liberty I care to winne,
But to be wholly free-ed from my sinne.
Nor more Ability (whilst I haue breath)
Then strength to beare my Crosses to my death.
Nor can the Earth afford a happinesse
That shall be greater then this *Carelesnesse*.

For such a *Life* I soone should *Careles* grow,
In which I had not leasure more to know.
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take;
Which doth not those, who get it, wiser make:
Nor for that *Wisdom*, doe I greatly care;
Which would not make me somewhat honestier.
Nor for that morall *Honestie*, that shall
Refuse to ioyne Religion, therewithall.
Nor for that zealous-seeming *Piety*,
Which wanteth lone and morrall *Honesty*.
Nor for their *Loues*, whose base affections be,
More for their lust, then for ought good in me:
Nor, for ought *good* within me should I care,
But that, they sprinklings of Gods goodnesse are.

For many *Bookes* I care not; and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more;
Then Gods two *Testaments*, and therewithall
That mighty *Volumne*, which the *World* we call.
For, these well lookt on, well in minde prefer'd;
The present *Agess* passages obseru'd;
My private *Actions*, seriously oreview'd,
My thoughts recal'd, and what of them ensu'd:
Are *Bookes*, which better farre, instruct me can,
Then all the other Paper-wo:kes of Man;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And some of These, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatsoe're I do.

I care not though a sort of ydle Gulls,
(With lauish tongues, and euer-empty skulls)
Doe let my better-temperd Labours lye;
And since, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* fly,
Say I am ydle, and doe nothing now.
As if that I were bound, to let Them know,
What I were doing; Or to cast away
My breath, and Studies, on such fooles as They.
I much disdaine it: For, these Blockes be Those,
That vse to read my *Verse* like ragged *Prose*;
And such as (so their Bookes be new,) ne're care
Of what esteeme, nor of what vse they are.

I care not, though a vaine and spungy crew,
Of shallow *Critickes*, in each *Tauerne* spew
Their drunken censures on my Poesie;
Vntill among their Cupps, they sprawling lye.
These poore, beratterd *Rimers*, (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inspired, can
Some sustian language vtter, which doth seeme
(Among their base admirers) worth esteeme.
But those base yuie-Poets, neuer knew;
Which way, a spightly, honest Rapture flew:
Nor can they relish, any straine of wit,
But, what was in some drunken fury, writ.

Those needy *Poetafters*; to preferr
Their nasty stuffe, to some dull *Stationer*;
With impudence extoll it: and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke, shall sell him,

WITHERS'S MOTTO:

As many thousands of them (wholly told)
As euer of my *Satyrs*, haue beene sold;
Yet, e're a twelue-month by the walls it lies;
Or to the Kitchin, or the Pastry hies.
Sometime, that these mens Rymes may heeded be;
They giue (forsooth) a secret lerke at me,
But so obscurely, that no man may know,
Who there was meant, vntill they tell them so.
For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine;
And yet my vengeance they suspect in vaine:
For, I can keepe my way, and carelesse be;
Though many snarling *Curres* doe barke at me.
And while my Fame, those fooles doe murmur at;
(And vex themselves) with laughing I am far.

I am not much inquisitiue to know,
For what braue Action our last Fleet did go.
What men abroad performe, or what at home;
Who shall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome*;
What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are;
Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre.
Whether *Mogul* the *Sophy*, *Prefter-Iohn*,
The Duke of *China*, or the Ile *Iapan*,
The mightiest be: for, things impertinent
To my particular, or my Content
I little heede; (though much thereof I know)
Nor care I whether it be true or no.
Not for because, I carelesse am become,
Of the neglected State of *Christendome*.
But, cause (I am assur'd) what euer shall
As Into the Church, or *Common-wealth* befall;

WITHERS MOTTO.

(Through *Sathans* spight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Policy*)
Gods promise to his glory shall preuaile:
Yea, when the fond attempes of men doe fayle,
And they lye smoking, in th' infernall Pir;
Then *Truth* and *Virtue*, shall in Glory sit
Those, who in loue to things that wicked are;
And those, who thorough Cowardize and feare,
Became the damned Instruments, whereby
To set vp *Vice* and *falsehood's* Tyranny;
Eu'n those shall perish, by their owne offence:
And they who loued *Truth*, and *Innocence*;
Out of oppression shall aduance their head:
And on the ruines of those *Tyrants* tread,
Oh! let that *Truth*, and *Innocence*, in me
For euer yndefil'd preserved be:
And let me liue no more; if then *I care*,
How many miseries I liue to beare.
For, well I know, I should not weigh how great,
The perils are, that my destruction threat.
Nor chaines, nor dungeons should my Soule affright
Nor grimmest Apparitions of the Night:
Though men from Hell could of the Deuill borrow
Those vgly Prospects, to augment my sorrow.
But proue me guilty; and my Conscience then
Inflicts more smart, then bloody Tortures can.
And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme;
Then I my selfe, vnto my selfe should seeme.
If good, and honest my endeauors be,
What day they were begun ne're troubles me:

WITHERS MOTTO.

I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
 Or raine, or shine, or freeze, or haile or snow:
 Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring*;
 Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,
 Or first the Nightingale: *nor doe I care*
 Whether my dreames, of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are:
 What Beast doth crosse me, *care I not* at all;
 Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall;
 Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to show;
 Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.

I doe not care to be inquisitiue,
 How many weekes, or months, I haue to liue.
 For, how is't like, that I should better grow,
 When I my Time, shall twelue month longer know;
 If I dare act, a Villany, and yet,
 Know I may die, whilst I am doing it?

Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,
 Be slaues vnto an *Ephemerides*.
 Search *Constellations*, and themselues apply;
 To finde the *Fate* of their *Natiuitie*.
 I'll seeke within me; and if there I find,
 Those *Stars*, that should giue light vnto my mind,
 Rise fayre and timely in me, and affect,
 Each other with a naturall aspect.
 If in coniunction there perceiue I may
 True *Vertue*, and *Religion* euery day;
 And walke, according to that influence,
 Which is deriued vnto me from thence:
 I feare no Fortunes, whatsoe're they be,
 Nor care I, what my *Stars* doe threaten me.

WITNESS MOTTO.

For He, who to that State can once attaine;
 About the power of all the Starres doth raigne.
 And he, that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,
 He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall:
 In my Conceit is farre a happier man;
 Then such, as but foretell misfortunes can,

I start not at a *Fryers* prophecy,
 Or those with which we *Merlin* doe bely.
 Nor am I frighted, with the sad relation.
 Of any neare-approaching Alteration.
 For things haue euer changd and euer shall;
 Vntill there be a change run ouer All.
 And he that beares an honest heart about him;
 Needes neuer feare, what changes be without him.

The *Earnestne* Kingdomes, had their times to flourish;
 The *Grecian* Empire rising, saw them perish;
 That fell, and then the *Roman* Pride began;
 Now scourgd by the race of *Ottoman*.
 And if the course of things a round must run;
 Till they haue ending, where they first begun,
 What is't to me? who peraduenture must,
 Ere that befall; lye, moulthr'd into dust,

What if *America's* large Tract of ground,
 And all those Iles adioyning, lately found?
 (Which we more truely may a *Desert* call,
 Then any of the worlds more ciuill Pale.)
 What then? if there the *Wildernesse* doe lye,
 To which the *Woman*, and her *Sonne* must flye,
 To space the *Dragons* fury; and there bide,
 Till *Europes* thanklesse *Nations* (full of pride,

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And all obhominations) scourged are,
With barbarisme; as their neighbours were?

If thus God please to doe; and make our sinn
The cause of bringing other *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleased was,
The *Gentiles* calling should be brought to passe,
The better, by the *Jewish* vnbelieve.)
Why, should his pleasure be my care, or griefe?
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow;
Although my ruine, helpe to make it so.

So I, my duty in my place haue done,
I care not greatly, what succeed thereon:
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,
With what God wills; all shall be well for me.

I hate, to haue a thought o're-serious spent,
In things mere triuiall, or indifferent.
When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I care not, whether it be flesh or fish;
Or any thing, so wholesome foode it be:
Nor care I, whether you doe carue to me,
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none;
For, all I like, and all can let alone.

I care not, at your Table, where I sit;
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I should thence in skoffe,
To feed among your Groomes, be turned off.
For I am sure that no affront can blot,
His Reputation, that deserues it not.

To be o're-curious, I doe not professe;
Nor euer Card I, for vncleanlinesse.

WITHERS MOTTO.

For I ne're loued that Phylosophy,
Which taught men to be rude and slouely.

I care not what yonn weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashjon my next Clothes shall be.
Yet to be singuler in Antique fashjons,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantastique garb our Galiants weare:
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder, takes a note.
How they still keepe, their Grandfires russet Coate:
As is the proudest Lady, when that she
Hath all the fashjons, that last extant be.

I care for no more Credit, then will serue,
The honor of the *Vertuous*, to preserve:
For, if the shoues of honesty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemish be;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falsly be accus'd of Villany.
Sure, whether I were innocent; or no;
I should not thinke the World, worth telling so.
Because, to most men, nothing bad doth seeme,
Nor nothing vertuous; but as vnto them,
Occasion makes it good or ill appeare.
Yea, foulest Crimes, while they unpunisht are:
Or bring in profit, no disgrace are thought;
And truest Vertues poore, are set at naught.

I care for no more Pleasures then will make,
The Way which I intend to vndertake,
So passible; that my vnwealdy load
Of frailties, incident to flesh and blood

Discourage

WITHERS A MOTTO.

Discourage not my willing soule from that,
Which she on good aduice, hath aymed at.

I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make vp my account.
I care for no more Money, then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I need not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may haue to morrow.

What Kings, and States-men meane; *I doe not care*;
Nor will I iudge, what their intentions are:
For, priuate censures, helpe not any way;
But iniure them, in their proceedings may.
Yet, Princes (by experience) we haue seene,
By those they loue, haue greatly wronged beene.
Their too much trust, doth often danger breed,
And Serpents in their Royall bosoms feed.
For, all the fauours, gifts, and places, which
Should honour them; doe but these men enrich.
With those, they further their owne priuate end:
Their faction strengthen, gratifie their friends:
Gaine new Associates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soueraigne, steale away the hearts,
Of such as are about them; For those be
Their Creatures; and but rarely thanks hath He,
Because the Grants of *Pension*, and of *Place*;
Are taken as Their fauours, not *His* grace.

And (which is yet a greater wickednesse)
When these, the loyall Subiects doe oppresse,
And grinde the faces of the poore, aliuie;
They'l doe it, by the Kings Prerogatiue,

They

WITHERS MOTTO:

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany;
And when *Hee* thinks, they serue Him Faithfully,
Secure him in their Loues, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conscience to.
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate
A world of Mischiefes: They abuse the State;
His truer-hearted Seruants, they displace;
Bring their debauched Followers, into grace;
His Coffers rob; yea, (worser farre they vse *Him*)
The true affections of his people loose him:
And make those hearts (which did in him beleue,
All matchlesse Vertues) to suspect, and grieve.

Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)
This, of all Treason, is the Quintessence.
A Treason so abhorred that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe so odious be.
Not though my death they plotted; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are
Then twenty Kingdomes and ten thousand liues.
And, whosoeuer, Me of that depriues:
I finde it would, a great deale harder be,
To moue my heart to pardon; then if hee
Conspired had, (when I least thought the same)
To root out my posterity, and *Name*.

Who next in *Court* shall fall, *I doe not care*:
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, so,
That his disgrace shall be my ouerthrow.

I care as little, who shall next arise;
For none of my Ambition, that way lyes.

Those

WITHERS MOTTO.

Those rising *Stars*, would neuer deigne to shine,
On any good endeavor: yet of mine,
Nor can I thinke there shall hereafter be,
A man amongst them, that will fauour Me.
For, I a *Scurge* doe carry, which doth feare them;
And loue, to much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.

If my experience teach me any thing;
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring;
But can aswell believe it to be so,
As if 'twere writ, three thousand yecres ago.
And where I finde, good ground for my assent;
He not be halter'd, to a *President*.

If men speake reason, tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenent*, *Aristotles* be;
Or some *Barbarians*, who scarce heard of yet;
So much as with what *Names*, the *Arts* we fit.
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,
Some *Foole*, or some renown'd *Philosopher*.

In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine,
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine;
Nor priuate *Spirits*: But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures*; and that *Church* Authority,
Which with the *Auncient Faith* doth best agree;
But new opinions, will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I neuer greatly care,
By *Truth* they teach me, who my Teachers were.
On points of *Faith*, I looke not on the *Man*;
Nor *Beza*, *Caluin*, neither *Luther* can
Perswade me to, without iust prooffe
When any honest *Parish-Clarke* can doe.

The

WITHER'S MOTTO:

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany;
And when *Hee* thinkes, they serue Him Faithfully,
Secure him in their Loues, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conscience to.
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate
A world of Mischiefs: They abuse the State;
His truer-hearted Seruants, they displace;
Bring their debauched Followers, into grace;
His Coffers rob; yea, (worse farre they vse *Him*)
The true affections of his people loose him:
And make those hearts (which did in him belecue,
All matchlesse Vertues) to suspect, and grieve.

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More things, without hilt prooffe perswade me to,
Then any honest *Parish-Clarke* can doe.

The

WITHER'S MOTTO.

The auncient *Fathers*, (where consent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting of their mind.
But where in his opinion any *One*
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall find alone;
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his Time, vnmooued were)
I shun his Doctrine; For, this swayeth me,
No man alone, in points of Faith can be.

Old *Ambrose*, *Austine*, *Hierome*, *Chrysostome*,
Or any *Father*: if his Reuerence come,
To moue my free assent to any thing,
Which *Reason* warrants not (vnlesse he bring,
The sacred word of God to giue me for it)
I prize not this opinion; but abhor it.
Nay; I no faction gainst the *Truth* would follow,
Although Diuine *Paul* and Great *Apollo*,
Did leade me; if that possible it were,
That they should haue permitted bin to erre.
And whilst that I am in the right, I care not
How wise or learned, Then, you think, that are not

I care not who did heare me, if I said,
That He who for a place of Iustice paid
A golden Inn-come, was no honest Man,
Nor he that sold it: for I proue it can;
And will maintaine it, that so long as Those,
And *Church-preferments*, we to sale expose
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall euer be,
From hatefull Bribery, or damn'd Schisme, free.

I may be blam'd, perhaps, for speaking this;
But much *I care not*: for the *Truth* it is.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

d. And were I certaine, that to blaze the same,
Would set those things, (that are amisse) in frame.
Shame be my end but I would vndertake it,
Though I were sure to perish when I spake it.

I care not for Preferments which are sold,
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold.
For, he is nobler who can those contemn,
Then most of such, as seeke esteeme in them.

I doe not for those ayrie Titles *care*,
Which fooles, and knaues, as well as I may weare.
Or that my *Name* (when e're it shall be writ)
Should be obcur'd with twenty after it.
For could I set my minde on vulger *Fame*;
I would not thinke it had, to make my *Name*,
Mine owne *Name*, purchase me as true renown;
As to be cald, by some old ruin'd Town.

I loue my *Country*, yet *I doe not care*,
In what *Dominions* my abidings are:
For, any *Region* on the Earth shall be
(On good occasion) natiue Soile to me.

I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whose blockishnes, (because it neuer knew,
The ground of this my *Carelesnes*) will smile,
As if they thought I rauid, all this while.
For, those the *Proverb* saith, *That liue in Hell*
Can ne'r conceiue what 'tis in Heauen to dwell,

I care not for those Places, whereunto
Bad men doe sooner blime, then *Good men* do:
And from whose euer-gogling station, all
May at the pleasure of another, fall,

But

WITHERS MOTTO.

But oh! How carelesse every way, am I,
Of their base mindes, who living decently,
Vpon their owne Demeanes; there fearelesse might
Enioy the day, from morning vntill night,
In sweet contentments: sending prayse to Him,
Who gaue this blessings, and this rest to them;
That free from Cares, and Enuies of the Court,
They honor'd in their Neighbours good report;
Might twenty pleasures, that Kings know not, see,
And keepe a quiet *Conscience*, till they die?

Oh God! how madd are they, who thus may doe
Yet, that poore happinesse to teach vnto,
Which is but painted; will those Blessings shun,
And bribe, and woe and sweat to be vndone?
How dull are they? Who, when they home may keepe
And there, vpon their owne soft pillows sleepe,
In deare security; would roame about,
Vncertaine hopes, or pleasures to finde out
Yea, straine themselues a slippery Place to buy,
With hazarding, their states to beggery?
With giuing vp, their Liberties, their Fame,
With their aduenturing on perpetuall shame,
With prostituting *Nieces, Daughters, Wives,*
By putting into leopardy their liues?
By selling of their *Cowtry*, and the sale
Of *Iustice*, or *Religion*; Soule and All?
Still dreaming on Content; although they may
Behold, by new examples, eu'ry day
That those hopes faile; and faile them not alone,
In such vaine things as they presumed on:

But

OT WITHER'S MOTTO.

But bring them also (many-times) those cares,
Those sad distractions, those dispaire, and feares;
That all their glorious gilding, cannot hide
Those wofull Ruines, on their inner-side.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart;
With losse, with shame, and with a broken heart:

I care not for this Humor, but I had,
Far rather lye in *Bedlem*, chain'd and mad;
Then be, with these mens frantique mood posselt:
For, there they doe lesse harme, and haue more rest.

I care not when there comes a *Parliament*:
For I am no Proiecter, who inuent
New *Monopolies*, or such *Suites*, as Those,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly shoves,
Abuses to reforme; engender more:
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common-wealth*;
Their (iust deseru'd) beggeries to heale:
Or, that their ill-got profit, may aduance,
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance,
No by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I;
Nor liue I so, as that I need *to care*,
Though my proceedings, should be question'd There.
And some there be, would giue their Coat away;
That they, could this, as confidently say.

I care for no such thriuing Pollicy,
As makes a foole, of Morrell Honesty,
For, such occasions happen now, and than:
That He prooues Wise, that prooues an Honest man.

And

WITH THE *WAS* MOTTO.

And howsoe're our *Proiect-mongers* deeme,
 Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;
 (How big soe're they looke; how braue soe're;
 Among their base Admirers they appeare;
 Though be're so trimme, in others feathers dight;
 Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;
 And by a hundred thousand croucht vnto)
 Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
 Then poorest *Kennel-rakers*; yea, they are
 Things, which I count, so little worth my care;
 That (as I loue faire *Virtue*) I protest,
 Among all honest men the begger'lest,
 And most betatter'd *Refant*, in mine eye,
 Is Nobler, and more full of Maiestie;
 Then all that braue-bespangl'd *Robblement*,
 Composd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complément.
 Let great and courtly *Pers'nages* delight,
 In some dull *gesture*, or a *Parasite*,
 Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
 Causing them bawdy songs, and sweare, and lye;
 And let their *Masterhip* (if so they please)
 Still fauour more, the flauerings of These;
 Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
 To be approued, or esteemed, for
 A witty *Make-sport*; then an *Ape* to be.
 And whosoever takes delight in me,
 For any quality that doth affect
 His *Senses* better, then his *Intellect*;
 I care not for his loue. My dogge doth so;
 He loues, as farre as sensuall loue can go.

And

WITHERS MOTTO:

and if how well he fou'd me, I did weigh,
 deserues (perhaps) as much respect, as they.
 haue a *Soule*, and must beloued be
 for that which makes a lonely *Soule* in me;
 Or else, their Loues, so little care I for,
 that them, and their affections I abhor.

I care not, though some Fellowes, whose desert
 might raise them, to the Pillory, the Carr,
 the Stocks, the Branding-Iron, or the Whipp,
 With such like due Perferment) those doe skip;
 and by their Blacke endeauours purchase can,
 the Priuiledges of a Noble-man.

and be as confident, in what they doe
 as if by Vertue they were rais'd thereto.
 for, as true Vertue hath a confidence,
 so, Vice, and Villaines haue their impudence.
 and manly Resolution, both are thought,
 all both are to an equall triall brought;
 but vicious Impudence, then proues a mocke:
 and Vertuous Constancy, endures the Shoke.

Though such vnworthy *Groomes*, who t'other day,
 were but their Maisters *Panders* to purvey
 the fuel of their Lust; and had no more,
 but the Retention of their meat, their Whore,
 and their sold cloathes to brag of. Though that these,
 The foes to Vertue, and the Times disease)
 haue now, to couer o're their knauiery,
 got on the Robes of Wealth, and Brauery;
 and dare behaue their Rogueships sawcily,
 in presence of our old Nobility:

E

As

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As if they had beene borne to act a part,
In the contempt of Honor, and Desart.
Though all this be; and though it often hath
Discourag'd many a One, in *Vertues* Path)
I am the same, and *Care not*: For, I know,
Those *Butter-flies*, haue but a Time to show
Their painted wings; that when a storme is neare,
Our habits, which for any weather are,
May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinking lye,
In some old creuis, and there starue and dye.

Those Dues, which vnto *Vertue* doe belong,
He that despiseth, offers *Vertue* wrong.
So, he that followes *Vertue* for rewards;
And more the Credit, then the Act regards;
(Or such esteeme as others seeke, doth misse)
Himselfe imagines worthier then He is.
If therefore, I can tread the way I ought,
I care not how ignoble, I be thought:
Nor for those Honors doe I care a fly,
Which any man can giue me, or deny:
For what I reckon worth aspiring to,
Is got and kept, whe'r others will or no.
And all the world can neuer raise a man
To such braue heights, as his owne *Vertues* can.
I care not for that Gentry, which doth lye
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.
One *Vertue* more I rather wish I had;
Then all the *Hieralds* to mine *Armes* could add:
Yea, I had rather, by my industry
I could acquire some one good quality.

Then

WITHERS MOTTO.

Then through the *Families*, that noblest be
From fifty Kings to draw my Pedigree:

Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, I sought care,
To be commander; my Ambitions are,
To haue the Rule, and Soueraignty of things
Which doe command great Emperors, and Kings.
Those strong, and mighty Passions, wherewithall
Great Monarch's haue bin soild; & brought in thrall;
I hope to trample on. And whilst that They
Force but my body (if I disobey)

I rule that Spirit; which, would they constraîne,
Beyond my will; They should attempt in vaine,
Yea, whilst they bounded within Limits here,
On some few Mortals, onely domineer,
Those Titles, and that Crowne, I doe pursue;
Which shall the Diuels to my powre subdue.

I care not for that *Valour*, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry-pot*.
Nor (if my Cause be ill to heare men say;
If sought it out, eu'n when my bowels lay
Beneath my seete. A desperatenesse it is;
And there is nothing worthy praise in this;
For I haue seene (and you may see it to)
That any Mastiue dogge as much will doe.
He valiant is, who knowes the dis-esteem,
The vulger haue, of such as Cowards seeme.
And yet dares seeme one, rather then bestow
Against an honest cause, or word, or blow:
Though, else he fear'd no more, to fight, or die;
Then you to strike a dogg, or kill a flie.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Yea, him I honour, who new wakt from sleeping,
Findes all his Spirits so their temper keeping;
As that he would not start, though by him there,
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Diuels were.

I care not for a Coward, for to me,
No Beasts on Earth, more truly hatefull be;
Since all the Villanies that can be thought
Throughout the World, and altogether brought
To make one Villane; can make nothing more,
Then he that is a Coward, was before.
And he that is so, can be nothing lesse
Then the perfection of all wickednesse.
In him no manly virtues dwelling are;
Nor any shewes thereof, except, for feare:
In no braue resolution is he strong,
Nor dares he bide in any goodnesse long,
For, if one threatning from his foe there come.
His vowed Resolution starts he from.
And cares not what destruction others haue,
So he may gaine but hope, himselfe to saue.
The man that hath a fearefull heart, is sure
Of that disease that neuer findes a cure.
For take and arme him through in euery place,
Build round about him twenty wals of Brasse.
Girt him with Trenches, whose deepe bottoms lye
Twice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are hye:
Prouide (those Trenches, and those wals to ward)
A Million of old Souldiers for his gard;
Alihonest men and sworne: His Feauer will
Break: in (despight of all) and shake him still.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

To scape this feare; his Guard he would betray,
Make cruelly his deereſt friend away;
Act any baſe, or any wicked thing,
Be Traytor to his Countrey, or his King;
For-ſweare his God, and in ſome fright goe nigh
To hang himſelfe, to ſcape the feare to dye.
And for theſe reaſons, *I ſhall neuer Care,*
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.

I care not for large Fortunes; For I find,
Great wants, beſt trie the Greatneſſe of the minde.
And though I muſt confeſſe ſuch Times there be
In which the common wiſh, hath place in me.
Yet, when I ſearch my heart, and what content
My God vouchſafe me hath; I count my Rent
To be about, a thouſand pounds a yeare,
More then it can the World appeare.
And with more wealth, I leſſe content might finde,
If I with Riches had ſome rich-mans minde.
A dainty Pallate would conſume in cheere,
(More then I doe) a hundred pounds a yeare,
And leaue me worſe ſuffiſed then I am.
Had I an inclination, much to game;
A thouſand Markes, would annually away,
And yet I want my full content to Play.
If I in Hawks or Doggs had much delight;
Twelue hundred Crownes it yeerely waſt me might;
And yet, not halfe that pleaſure bring me to,
Which from one *Line* of this receiue I do.
If I to braue Apparell were inclin'd,
Five *Students* Penſions, I ſhould yearly ſpend,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Yet not be pleas'd so well, with what I weare
As now I am; Nor take so little Care;
I much for Physicke might be forc't to giue;
And yet a thousand fold lesse healthy liue.
To keepe my Right, the Law my goods might wast;
And with vexation, tire me out at last.

These, and (no doubt) with these, full many a thing
To make me lesse Content, more wealth might bring
Yet more employ me to; for few I see
Who Owners of the greatest fortunes be:
But they haue still, as they more Riches gaine,
More State, more lusts, and troubles to maintaine
With their Reuennues. That the whole Account,
Of their great seeming Blisse, doth scarce amount,
To halfe of my content. And can I lesse
Esteeme this rare-acquired happinesse,
Then I a thousand pound in rent would prize?
Since with lesse trouble, it doth more suffice?
No; for, as when the March is swift and long,
And m^y n^e haue foes to meete both fierce and strong;
That Souldier in the Conflict best doth fare
Who getteth Armes of prooffe that lightest are:
So; I, who with a little, doe enioy
As much my Pleasure and Content, as they
Whom, farre more wealth and businesse doth molest;
Account my Fortune, and estate the best.
Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more:
And great possessions, much lesse care I for.

I care not so I still my selfe may be,
What others are, or who take place of me.

I care

WITHERS MOTTO.

I care not for the times vnjust neglect;
Nor feare their frownes, nor praise their vaine respect.
For to my selfe my worth doth neuer seeme;
Or more, or lesse, for other mens esteeme.

The *Turke*, the *Diuell*, *Antichrist*, and all,
The Rable of that Body-mysticall,
I care not for; And I should sorry be,
If I should giue them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Essence* doth abhorr,
I hate as I am able; And for ought
Which God approues not; when I spend a thought.
I truely wish that from my eyes might raine,
A shower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.

I care not for their Kin, who blush to see,
Those of their blood, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes vnworthinesse; and shoves,
How they by Chance, and not by Vertue rose.
To say, *My Lord my Consen*, cann to me
(In my opinion) no such honour be;
(If he from Vertues precepts goe astray,)
As when *my honest Kinsman*, I can say.

And they are fooles, who, when they raised are;
Faine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themselues of truest Fame,
With some false honour to belye their Name.
For such as to the highest Titles rise,
From poore beginnings, haue more tongues and eies,
To honor and obserue them (farre) then all
That doe succeed them, euer boast of, shall.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heede them not, (vnlesse they merit (sorne)
For some vnworthinesse. And then perchance,
As their Forefathers meannesse, did aduance
His praise the higher; so their Greateesse shall,
Make greater both their Infamy, and Fall.

It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the start, of all their Names haue got;
And it was worthlesse Enuy, first begun,
That false opinion, which so farre hath run.
Which well they know, whose Vertues honor winn,
And shame not to confesse, their poorest Kinn.
For, whensoever they doe looke on *These*,
To God they prayes giue, and thus suppose:
Loe; when the hand of Heauen aduanced *Vs*,
About our brethren, to be lifted thus;
He let them stay behind, for markes to show,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.

To haue the Minde of those, *I doe not care*,
Who both so shamelesse, and so foolish are;
That to acquite some poore esteeme, where they
Were neuer heard of, vnill yesterday,
(And neuer shall perhaps, be thought on more)
Can Prodigally there, consume their store:
And stand vpon their points of honor so;
As if their Credit, had an otterthrow:
Without Redemption; If in ought they misse,
Wherein th' accomplish *Gallies* punctuall is.
Yet basely, eury Qualitie despise;
In which true Wisedome, and true honor lies.

WITHERS MOTTO.

If you, and one of those, should die to day,
I were three to one, but He for all would pay :
If but your Seruant light him to the doore,
He will reward him; If but he, and's whore,
Carocht a Furlong are; the Coachman may,
For sennight after, let his Horses play.
And yet this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceiue so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one houres fame)
Mong those that hardly, will enquire his Name.
At home (where every good, and every ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects humanity. Yea, where he liues,
And needs most loue; all cause of hatred giues.
To poll, to racke, to ruine and oppresse,
The poore, the Widdow, and the fatherlesse.
To shift, to lye, to couzen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Ass,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe.
The Deuill he shall as soone; and I will write,
The Story of his being Conuertite.

I care not for the Worlds vaine blast of Fame,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trump of shame:
For, whatsoeuer good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.
One thing put out another; And men sorrow,
To day, perhaps, for what they ioy to morrow.
And it is likely, that ere night they may,
Condemne the Man, they praised yesterday;

Hang

WITHERS MOTTO.

Hang him next morning, and be sorry then,
Because he cannot be aliue agen.

But, grant the fame of things had larger date :
Alas ! what glory is it, if men prate
In some three Parishes of that we doe,
When three great Kingdomes are but Mole-hills to,
The Earthe's Circumference? And scarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can?
Beleeue me, it is worth so little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions, or their speeches be ;
That were there not a better cause in me,
Which moou'd to *Vertue*) *I would neuer care*,
Whether, my Actions, good or euill were.

Though still vnheeded, of the World, I spend,
My Time, and Studies, to the noblest end ;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward,
Beyond the Worlds requitall, or regard.
And since all men, some things erroneous doe ;
And must in Iustice, somewhat suffer to.
In part of my correction. This, I take ;
And that I fauourd am, account doe make.

I care not, though t here eu'ry houre should bee
Some outward discontent to busie me,
And, as I would not too much triall haue ;
So, too much, carnall peace I doe not craue.
The one might giue my Faith a dangerous blow ;
The other would peruert my life, I know.
For, few loue *Vertue* in Aduersity ;
But fewer hold it, in Prosperity.

Vaine

WITHERS MOTTO.

Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
Haue made me erre : Then whither had I gone,
(If I the full possession had attain'd)
When but meere hopes my heart to folly train'd?
Smooth *Wyes*, would make me wanton; And my
Must lye, where Labor, Industry, and Force, (course
Must worke me Passage : or, I shall not keepe,
My *Soule* from dull Securities dead sleepe.
But, outward Discontentments make me flye,
Faire higher, then the Worlds *Contents* doe lye.
In neither for their pompe or glory care :
Who by the loue of *Vice* aduanced are.
Faire *Vertue* is the louely Nymph I serue ;
Her *Will* I follow, Her *Commands* obserue ;
Yea (though the purblind World perceiue not wher)
The best of all her *Fauours* I doe weare.
And when great *Vices*, with faire bayted hookes,
Large promises of fauour tempting lookes,
And twenty wiles hath woo'd me to betray,
That noble *Mistresse* ; I haue, turnd away :
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
In sight of all their gawdy *Seruiters*.
In which braue daring, I oppos'd haue bin,
By mighty Tyrants; and was plunged in,
More wants then thrice my fortunes would haue
When our *Heroes* did for feare, or scorne, (borne
To lend me succour, (yea, in that weake age
When I but newly entred on the Stage,
Of this proud world) So that, vnlesse the King
Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muses* sing,

My

WITNESS MOTTO.

My bold *Apologie*; Till now, might I
Haue struggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
But all those threatening *Comets*, I haue scene
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct haue beene.
And I, that crusht, and lost was thought to be;
Liue yet, to pittie Those, that spighted Me :
Enioying Hopes which so well grounded are,
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care*.
Yet those I know there be, who doe expect,
What length my Hopes shall haue, and what effect.
With enuious eyes awayting eu'ry day
When all my confidence shall slip away.
And, make me glad, through those base paths to fly;
Which they haue trod, to raise their Fortunes by.

They flout to heare, that I doe Conscience make,
What place I sue for, or what course I take.
They laugh to see me spend, my youthfull time,
In serious *Studies*; and to teach my *Rime*
The *Straines* of *Virtue*; whil't I might, perchance,
By Lines of Rybaldry, my selfe aduance
To place of fauour. They makes skoffes, to heare
The praise of honesty; as if it were,
For none but vulgar mindes. And since they liue
In braue prosperity; they doe beleue
It shall continue : And account of Me,
As one scarce worthy of their scorne to be.

All this is *Truth*; yea, trust me, *care I not*;
Nor loue I *Virtue*, ought the worse a iott.
For, I oft said, that I should liue to see
My *Way*, far safer, then their Courses be.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And I haue seene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of those men;
From goodly brauery, to ruggs decline;
And waite vpon as poore a *Fate* as mine.

Yea those, whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more
Then any of our Auncient *Barons*;
(And such as many Wisemen of this age
Haue wisht to be the men) eu'n those, haue I
Seene hurled downe to shame, and beggery,
In one twelue houres: and grow so miserable,
That they became, the scornfull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And there's none so base,
But thought himselfe, a man in better case.

This, makes me pleased with mine owne estate,
And fearefull to desire anothers Fate.
This makes me *Carelesse* of the worlds proud scorne,
And of those glories, whereto such are borne.
And, if to haue me, still keepe meane and poore,
To Gods great Glory, shall ought add the more:
Or if to haue disgraces heapt on me;
(For others, in their way to Blisse) may be
Of more Advantage, then to see me thrive
In outward Fortunes, or more prized liue:
I care not though I neuer see that day,
Which with one pinns-worth more enrich me may.

Yea, by the eternall *Deity* I vow;
Who knowes I lie nor, who doth heate me, now.
Whose dreadfull Maiesty is all I feare,
Of whose great *Spirit*, These, the sparcklings are,

WITHERS MOTTO.

And who will make me, such proud daring, rue; If
If this my protestation be true.

So I may still retaine that inward Peace,
That loue and taste, of the eternall Blisse;
Those matchlesse Comforts, and those braue desires,
Those sweet Contentments, and immortall Fyres,
Which at this instant doe inflame my brest;
(And are to excellent to be exprest.)

I doe not care a Rush, though I were borne;
Vnto the greatest Pouerty; and scorne:
That (since God first infused it; with his breath)
Poore Flesh and bloud, did euer groane bentath.
Excepting onely, such a load it were,
As no *Humanity* was made to beare.

Yea, let me keepe these Thoughts; and let be hurld,
Vpon my hacke, the spight of all the world,
Let me haue neither drinke, nor bread to eate,
Nor Cloathes to weare, but those for which I sweate.
Let me become vnto my foes a slave;
Or, causelesse here, the markes of Iustice, haue;
For some great Villany, that I nere thought,
Let my best actions, be against me brought.
That small repure, and that poore little Fame,
Which I haue got; let men vnto my shame
Heereafter turne. Let me become the fable,
A talke of Fongles. Let me be miserable,
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man spare,
(Though that would make me happy,) halfe a teare.
Nay, (which is More vn sufferable farre,
Then all the miseries yet spoken are)

Let

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Let that deare *Friend*, whose loue is more to me,
Then all those drops of Crymson liquor be,
That warme my heart; (and for whose onely good :
I could the brunt, of all this *Core*, haue stood)
Let him forsake me. Let that prized *Friend*,
Be cruell to; and when distrest, I send
To seeke his *Comfort*, let him looke on me,
With bitter scorne, and so hard-hearted be;
As that (although he know me innocent,
And how those *Miseries* I vnderwent,
In loue to him) He, yet deny me should,
One gentle looke, though that suffice me could:
And (truely grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne *Foe*, to scorne me, to my face.

Let this befall me; and with this, beside,
Let Me, be for the faulry friend belide.
Let my Religion, and my honestie;
Be counted till my death *Hypocrysie*.
And, when *Idie*, let till the generall *Doome*,
My *Name*, each houre into question come,
For *Sinnes* I neuer did. And if to this,
You ought can add, which yet more grieuous is,
Let that befall me to; So that, in Me,
Those comforts may encrease, that springing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that *Grace* descend,
Of which I now, some portion apprehend :
And then, as I already (here-tofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* strength, relying) swore,
So, now I swear againe ; If ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I suffer should :

Those

WITHERS MOTTO.

Those Miseries recited; *I now care,*
 How soon they ceazd me, nor how long they were:
 For, He can make them Pleasures, and I know;
 As long as he inflicts them, will doe so.

Nor vnto this Assurance am I come,
 By any *Apothegmas*, gathered from,
 Our old, and much admir'd *Philosophers*.
 My Sayings are mine owne, as well as theirs;
 For, who loe're account, of them is made,
 I haue as good experience of them had:
 Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)
 The *Times* to come, for Them, shall honour me,
 And praise that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
 Shall be reputed foolish *Arrogance*.

Oh! that my *Lines* were able to expresse,
 The Cause, and Ground, of this my *Carabassus*.
 That I might shew you, what beaue things they be,
 Which at this instant are a fire in me.

Fooles may detide me, and suppose, that This
 (No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humor* is;
 Or such like idle *Motion*, as my rise,
 From furious, and distemper'd *Fantasies*.
 But, let their thoughts be free; I know the Flame
 That is within me, and from whence it came;
 Such Things haue fill'd me, that I feele my braine;
 Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.
 They raise my Spirits, which now whirling be;
 As if they meant to take their leaue of Me:
 And could these *Straines* of *Contemplation*, stay
 To lift me higher still, but halfe a day:

By

WITHER'S MOTTO.

By that Time, they would mount to such a height,
That all my *Cares* would haue an end to Night,

But oh! I fee the fumes of flesh and bloud,
To clogg those Spirits in me, and like mudd,
They sinke againe. More dimly burne my fires;
To her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires:
An as her heauenly flames extinguisht be,
The more I finde my *Cares* to burthen Me.

Yet, I belieue, I was enlightned so,
That neuer shall my Spirit stoope so low
To let the seruile thoughts, and dunghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in their snares.

For, still I value not, those things of nought,
For which the greatest part, take greatest thought.
Much for the world *I care not*; and (confesse)
Desire I doe, my care for it, were lesse.

I doe not care, (for ought they me could harme)
If with more mischiefs this last Age did swarme;
Yea such poore ioy I haue, or *Care* to see
The best Contents these Times can promise Me:
And that small feare of any Plague at all.

(Or Miseries) which on this Age may fall.
That, but for Charity, *I did not care*

If all those comming stormes which some doe feare,
Were now descending downe: For Hell can make,
No uproare, which my peaceful thoughts may shake.
I founded haue my Hopes, on him that hath
A shelter for me in the Day of wrath.

And I haue trust, I shall (without a maze,)
Looke vp, when all burnes round me, in a blaze.

F

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And if to haue these Thoughts, & this Mind known,
Shall spread Gods praise no further then mine own :
Or, if *This* shall no more instructiue be,
To others; then it glory is to Me :
Here let it perish, and be hurled by,
Into Oblivion euerlastingly.
For, with this *Minde*, I can be pleas'd, (as much)
Though none but I my selfe did know it such.
And, He that hath contentment *needs not Care* ;
What other mens opinions of it, are.
I care not though for many griefes to come,
To liue a hundred yeares it were my *Doune*.
Nor care I though I summond be, away;
At *Night*, to *Morrow-morning*, or to *Day*.
I care not whether *This* you reade or no ;
Nor whether you belecue it, if you doe.
I care not, whether any man suppose
All *This* from Iudgement, or from rashnes flowes,
Nor Meane I, to take *Care* what any Man,
Will thinke thereof; Or Comment on it can.
I care not who shall fondly Censure it ;
Because it was not with more *Method* writ :
Or fram'd in imitation of the *Straime*,
In Some deepe *Grecian* or old *Roman* vaine.
Yea, though that all men living should despise,
These Thoughts in Me, to heed or Patronize :
I vow, *I care not*. And I vowe no lesse ;
I care not who dislikes this *Carelesnesse*.
My *Mind's* my Kingdome; and I will permit
No others *Will*, to haue the rule of it.

For,

WITHERS MOTTO.

For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor shall vnmake me now.
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me:
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* shall be.

To Enuy.

Now looks upon Me, Enuy, if thou dare,
Dart all thy Malice shoot me euery where;
Try all the wayes thou canst, to make me feele,
The cruell sharpnes of thy poisoned Steele.
For, I am Enuy-prooffe, and scorne I do;
The worst, thy canted spight can urge thee to.
This word, I cate not, is so strong a Charme,
That he who speaks it truely, feares no harme,
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may;
Or his peruersest fortunes, on him lay.
Goe, hateful Fury; Hagge, goe, hide thou then,
Thy snake head, in thy adberred Den.
And since thou canst not haue thy willof Me:
There; Damned Fiend, thine owne Tormentresse be,
Thy forked stings, upon thy body turne;
With Hellish flames, thy scorched entrails burne;
From thy leane Carcasse, thy blacke sinewes tear,
With thine owne Venome burst, and perish there.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

An Epigram, written by the Author on his
owne Picture; where, this Motto
was inscribed.

THus, others Loues, haue set my shadow forth;
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth:
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show.
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not, tho.

Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*;
Nor any new aduanced *Favourite*.
For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me;
That, such a One I ne'r were like to be.
No child of purblind *Fortune*'s was I borne;
For all that issue, holdeth *Me* in scorne.
Yet *He* that made *Me*, hath assur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no such; nor such vado,
And bids me, in no Favours take delight;
But what I shall acquire, in *His* despight.

Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare;
Then rise through basenes, brancst Robes to weare.
Part of my *Outside*, hath the Picture shown;
Part of my *Inside*, by these *lines* is known:
And 'tis no matter of a rush to me,
How *This*, or *That*: shall now esteemed be.

Now I have done, and thus I leave you.

A Post.

Th
Vp
But
An
And
B
Tha
And
Shal
F
Thei

A Post-script.

QVite through this *Hand* hath my *Motto* rung;
And twenty daies are past since vp I hung
My bold *Imprudence* which, defiance throwes,
At all the malice of faite *Virtues* foes.
The *Good* approue it; and so crowne the Cause
Of this my Resolution, with applause:
That such as spight it, dare not to appeare,
In opposition to the *Challenger*.
Their *Adulces* would enforce them; but, it lyes
Oppressed yet, with fearefull *Cowardize*
For, they so arm'd haue found me that they feare,
I may (in spight of all their *Envy*) beare
The Conquest from them; and vpon the Face,
Of their bespotted *Fame*, stick more disgrace.

This makes them *Storme* in priuate, *Slander*, *Rails*
Threat, *Libell*, *Ryme*, *Detraitt*; and to preuaile
Vpon my *Patientie*, try their vtmost Art;
But, I still mende my *Motto's* later part;
And *Care* not for it: which, more makes them chaufe;
And still, the more they fret, the more I laugh.

But, now their *Enuies*, haue so well conspir'd
That they haue fram'd the *Project* they desir'd;
And tooke such course, that (if their word you take)
Shall moue my *Choller*, and my *Patientie* shake.

Forsooth; some *RHYMERS* they haue hyr'd, to
Their *Ranke* into *Ballad*; and spew

Their blacke Despight, which to a drunken note,
They, in a hundred *Taverns*, haue by roate
Already belcht, vnto that *Auditory*;
Who are the fittest *Trumpets* of their Story. *IV*

When their *Inventions* (by the powre Diuine)
Of much-inspiring *Sacke* and *Claret wine*)
Are ripened to the highest; then, they say
The *Stationer* expects them eu'ry day:
And that he may, a sauing bargaine make;
(Aforehand) doth his *Customers* bespeake.

But, when these *Braine-wormes* crawling forth you
(As pittie' twere, such wit should smother'd lie) (spye
They will bewray the *Sires*; and mak't appeare,
That *Ignorance*, and *Envy* Parents were
To that despightfull Issue: So; that He
Who shall blush the lesse, esteeme of *Me*,
For ought there Writ: eu'n (He) is one of *Them*,
Whose *Hate*, and whose *Affection* I contemne.

The *Instruments* they get to serue the turne,
Are those, that are vnworthy of my Scorne:
And if contend, or answer them I should;
It more might wrong me, then their Riming could.
As therefore, when an Armed Souldier fees,
A testy *Curre*, in vaine to gnaw his Heeles;
He mindes not Him; but spends his blowes vpon
Those churlish Peasants, that did set him on.
So; I, that know these *Dogges* doe but their kind;
Well; let them bark, and snarle, and spend their wind,
Till they grow weary. But, let them sit strong
That vrge them to it; or I lay along

Their hie *Toppallane*; where each Groome shall see
 How worthy Scorne, and infamy they be.
 For, They who are their *Patrons*, are such Foes,
 As I may somewhat worthyly oppose;
 And Ile xmaske them so, that you shall spie
 In them; *Detractions* true *Anatomy*;
 Yea; whereas They, haue by their Malice, thought
 To haue on Me, their spightfull pleasures wrought;
 Ile from their *Censures*, an occasion take
 To shew how other mens sport shall make
 At all *Detractions*; So, those slaues vndoe,
 Who that base practise, as enclin'd vnto
 Raile they that list: For, those men know not yet,
 What minde I haue: who thinke the man that writ
 This *Motto*, can be euer brought to feare
 Such poore fond things, as idle *Carpers* are
 Nay rather; from those Slanders they shall raise,
 I will aduantage gather for my Praise;
 While They that in my shame would take delight,
 Shal gnaw their flesh through vengeance, and spight
 To see how I, vnriou'd their Enuy mocke
 And make of Them, this Ages laughing stocke
 For, lest ~~some~~ haue prevailed they should seeme,
 And so grow, wise men in their owne esteem
 (Or, by their foolish brags, dishearten such
 Whose resolutions are not growne so much)
 When I lacke liue for my Recreation,
 Ile merry make my selfe to their vexation
 Yet shall my Myrth from Malice be so free,
 That though I bitter to the guilty be

It shall appeare that I in loue doe scourge them;
That, of their soule Corruptions I may purgethem.
And that, it may be knowne how Vertue hath
A sting to punish; though not mou'd to wrath.

But goe; and for the *Pamphlet* seeke about,
For, yet ere night (as I thought) it will come out.
Yet, when you finde it; Doe not looke for there
His wit alone, whose Name you see it beare;
(For though you nothing can collect from thence;
But foul-mouth'd *Language*, *Rime* and *Impudencie*)
Yet there expect, (since tis the common cause
of all *Crowe-Poets* and *Pastick-Dances*,
Which I haue toucht) that all the *Brotherhood*
Will lend their wits, to make the *Quercell* good.
For, to that purpose they are all combin'd;
Yea, to their strong *Confederacy* are Ioynd
That *Corporation*, by whose Patronage;
Such *Poetry* hath flourish'd in this Age;
And some beside, that dare not yet be knowne;
Have fauour, to this goodly Project, shewne.

But, let them ioyne their force; For I had rather
Ten Millions, should themselves against Me gather;
(And plot and practice for my overthrow)
Then be the *Conqueror* of one base Foe.
For, as mine enemies encreasing be;
So, Resolution doth encrease in me.
And if I must haue foes, my *Fates* shall friend me;
If great and noble enemies they send me.
But, whether on meane Foes, or great, I light;
My *Spirit* will be greater, then their spight.

FINIS.